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Based on characters and concepts created by Glen Larson for the television series Battlestar Galactica.™*
BATTLESTAR GALACTICA™*
MEMORY'S END!

There are those who believe life here began out there, far across the universe, with tribes of humans who may have been the forefathers of the Egyptians. Or the Toltecs. Or the Mayans. Some believe there may yet be brothers of man who even now fight to survive somewhere beyond the heavens!

Stan Lee presents: BattlestaR GALACTICA™

Based on the television series Battlestar Galactica™ • written and created by Glen Larson.

LF634

THE TRAP!

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ME? ME?! NOW LISTEN, ATHENA, A MAN'S GOTTA DO WHAT A MAN'S GOTTA DO!
AND YOU'RE SAME MAN, STARBUCK. MY MAN.
UH, EURAYLE, DON'T YOU THINK IT'S...UH ...A LITTLE CRAMPED IN HERE?
I THINK IT'S COZY...
"... NOT AS COZY AS MY ROYAL BEDCHAMBERS BACK ON SCAVENGE WORLD, OF COURSE, BUT--"
"WAIT JUST A CENTON, EURAYLE! I HAVEN'T AGREED TO STAY WITH YOU ON THAT MASS OF FLOTSAM AND JETSAM YET, AND I'M NOT SURE I'M GOING TO!"
"OH, YOU WILL, DARLING. IF YOU WANT SCAVENGE WORLD'S HELP IN COMBATING YOUR ENEMIES, THE CYLONS."
"REMEMBER HOW YOUR COMMANDER ADAMA WAS TRAPPED IN THE GALACTICA'S MALFUNCTIONING MEMORY MACHINE?"
"I OFFERED TO HELP FREE HIM, STARBUCK. REMEMBER?"
I CAN SAVE COMMANDER ADAMA. ALL I ASK IN RETURN IS...STARBUCK!

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LATER, IN THE SPACIOUS CONFERENCE ROOM OF THE COUNCIL OF TWELVE, THE FLEET'S GOVERNING BODY...
--THAT'S THE SITUATION, GENTLEMEN. EURAYLE IS WILLING TO HELP US, BUT--
--BUT THE PRICE IS TOO HIGH, LIEUTENANT! IT'S OUTRIGHT BLACKMAIL! WE CAN NOT ASK YOU TO SACRIFICE--
I DISAGREE, COLONEL TIGH!
YOU WOULD, SIRE URI, YOU WOULD!
IT IS CLEAR THIS...UH,...WOMAN HAS POWER. I DOUBT WE COULD FIGHT HER. OBVIOUSLY SHE LURED US TO THIS PLACE AND FOR ALL WE KNOW SHE COULD FORCE US TO REMAIN HERE, HELPLESS, UNTIL THE CYLONS FIND US!
IF STARBUCK CAN HELP US, IT IS HIS DUTY TO DO SO. IN THESE TRYING TIMES THE SAFETY OF THE FLEET MUST COME BEFORE ALL ELSE.
YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO TALK, SIRE URI--
LIEUTENANT, LET ME HANDLE THIS BEFORE YOU LOSE YOUR TEMPER.
I'VE HAD JUST ABOUT ALL OF YOU I CAN STOMACH, URI! DON'T THINK I'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR ROLE IN THE LOSS OF OUR AGRO SHIP--
--OR THE NEAR-MUTINY YOU CAUSED THAT TRAPPED COMMANDER ADAMA IN THE MEMORY MACHINE!
THE TIME IS COMING, URI, WHEN YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO ANSWER FOR YOUR ACTIONS--
THANKS COLONEL TIGH, BUT URI'S NOT THE PROBLEM HERE NOW, AND MY DECISION IS.
AND YOU'LL HAVE IT WITHIN THE HOUR. BUT RIGHT NOW I'D LIKE TO BE ALONE...
THE YOUNG MAN'S TAKING THIS PRETTY HARD.
WOULDN'T YOU, COUNCILMEMBER PAYNE, IF YOU WERE IN HIS PLACE?

MEANWHILE, AS A VIPER PATROL RUNS RECONNAISSANCE, SKIRTING THE PERIMETER OF THE FLEET...
LOOK ALIVE, PEOPLE--
--WE'RE NOT ALONE OUT HERE!
I'VE GOT SOMETHING ON SHIP'S SCANNERS. COORDINATES FOUR-OH-EIGHT, MARK NINER.
CAN'T MAKE A POSITIVE I.D., THOUGH. THIS BLASTED VOID IS STILL PLAYING HAVOC WITH OUR EQUIPMENT.
WE'D BETTER CHECK IT OUT. BUT BE CAREFUL, IT COULD BE--
WITHOUT WARNING, A VIRULENT LASER CUTS THROUGH THE ETERNAL BLACKNESS OF THE VOID, STABBING LIKE A MOLTEN DAGGER, PIERCING THE HEART OF THE LEAD VIPER.
THE EXPLOSION IS SILENT. SO ARE THE PILOT'S DYING SCREAMS...
CYLONS! THEY'VE FOUND US! TAKE EVASIVE ACTION!
WE'VE GOT TO WARN THE GALACTICA!

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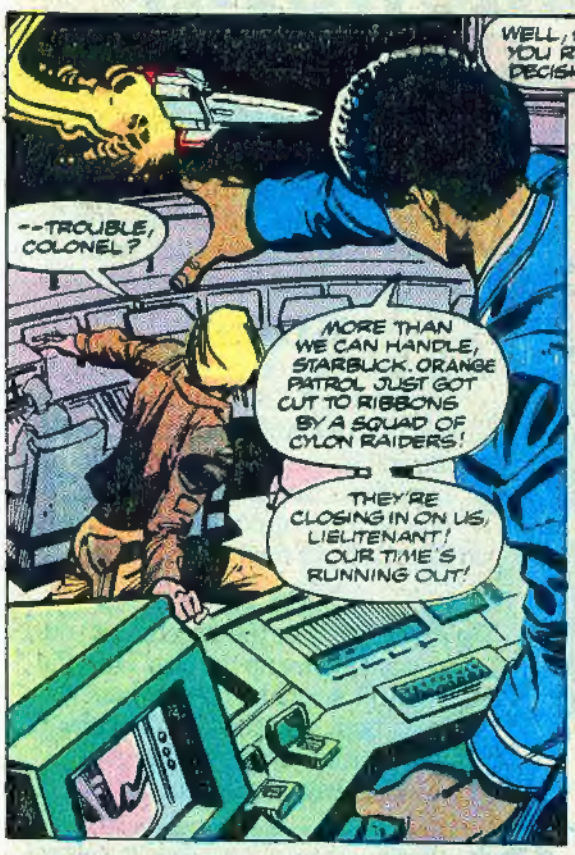
STARBUCK FEELS THE BLOOD-WARRIOR'S BLOOD--POUND IN HIS HEAD AS HE RACES DOWN THE GALACTICA'S GLEAMING CORRIDORS.
AND, EVEN OVER THE SHIP'S BLARING CLAXONS, HE CAN STILL HEAR THE ALIEN VOICE. "FRY HER"! IT SAYS. "FRY HER!" AND THEN IT LAUGHS, LONG AND LOUD AND WITH OBVIOUS GLEE...
GOT TO GET UP TO THE BRIDGE! THERE MUST BE BIG--


--TROUBLE, COLONEL?
MORE THAN WE CAN HANDLE, STARBUCK. ORANGE PATROL JUST GOT CUT TO RIBBONS BY A SQUAD OF CYLON RAIDERS!
THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON US, LIEUTENANT! OUR TIME'S RUNNING OUT!

WELL, STARBUCK, HAVE YOU REACHED YOUR DECISION?

YOU WIN, EURAYLE. DO WHAT YOU CAN FOR THE FLEET... AND COMMANDER ADAMA...
...AND I'M YOURS...

YOU WON'T BE SORRY, STARBUCK.
THE ALIEN VOICE LAUGHS. "MORE FLESH FOR EURAYLE..."

AND A FEW CENTONS LATER...
GENTLEMEN, OUR SITUATION IS CRITICAL. SCAVENGE WORLD LIES IN THE MAGNETIC CENTER OF THIS VOID.
LIKE A TRUE SARGASSO, EVERY THING IS DRAWN HERE, EVENTUALLY--
--INCLUDING THE CYLONS.

EXACTLY, CAPTAIN. AND DUE TO THE VERY NATURE OF THE VOID OUR SENSORS WILL BE UNABLE TO ACCURATELY GAUGE THE SIZE OR STRENGTH OF THE CYLON ARMADA UNTIL THEY ARE PRACTICALLY BREATHING DOWN OUR NECKS.
BUT WE CAN SET A TRAP, WITH SCAVENGE WORLD'S HELP. NOW THIS IS OUR POSITION...

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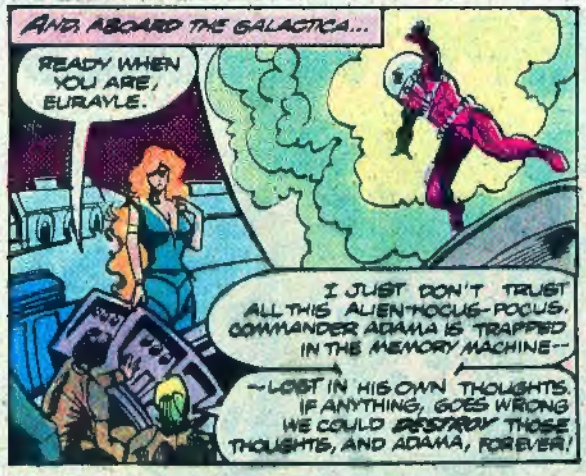
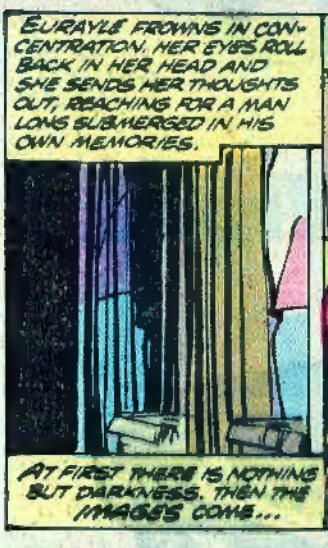
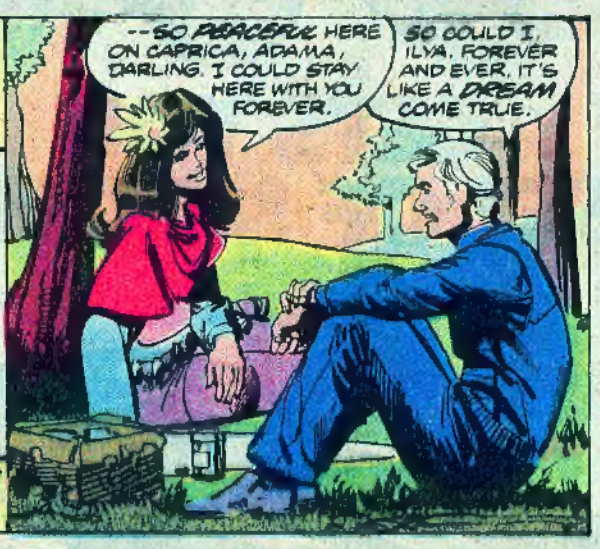
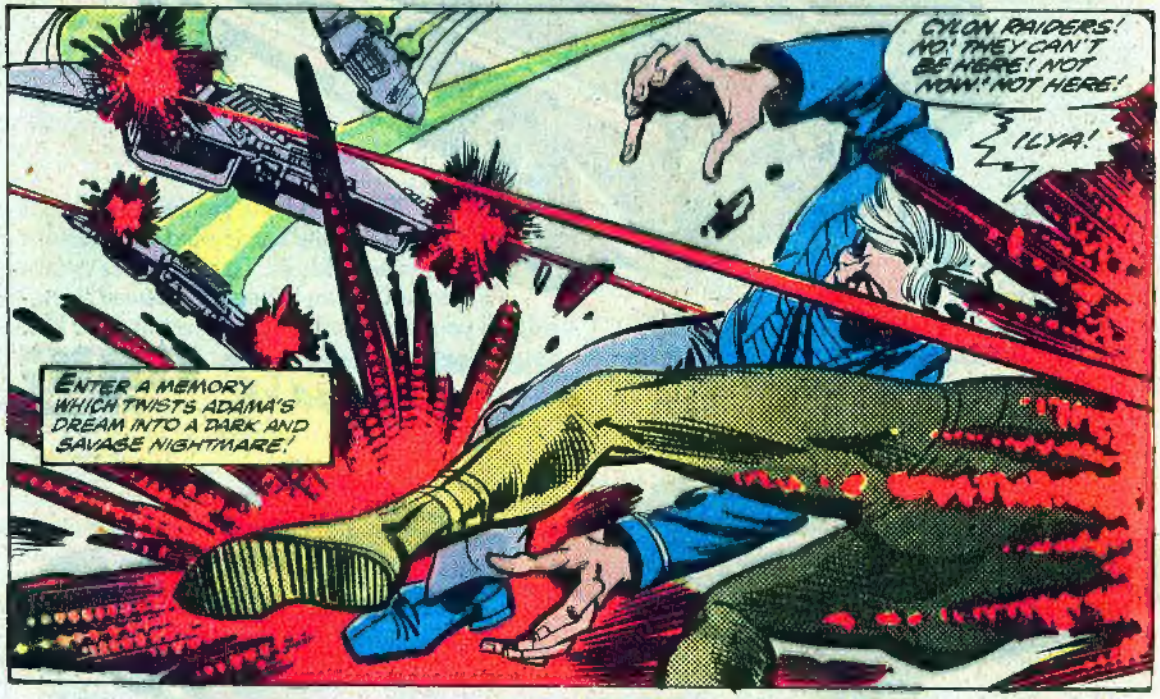

AND, ABOARD THE GALACTICA...
READY WHEN YOU ARE, EURAYLE.
I JUST DON'T TRUST ALL THIS ALIEN-HOCUS-POCUS. COMMANDER ADAMA IS TRAPPED IN THE MEMORY MACHINE--
--LOST IN HIS OWN THOUGHTS. IF ANYTHING GOES WRONG WE COULD DESTROY THOSE THOUGHTS, AND ADAMA, FOREVER!

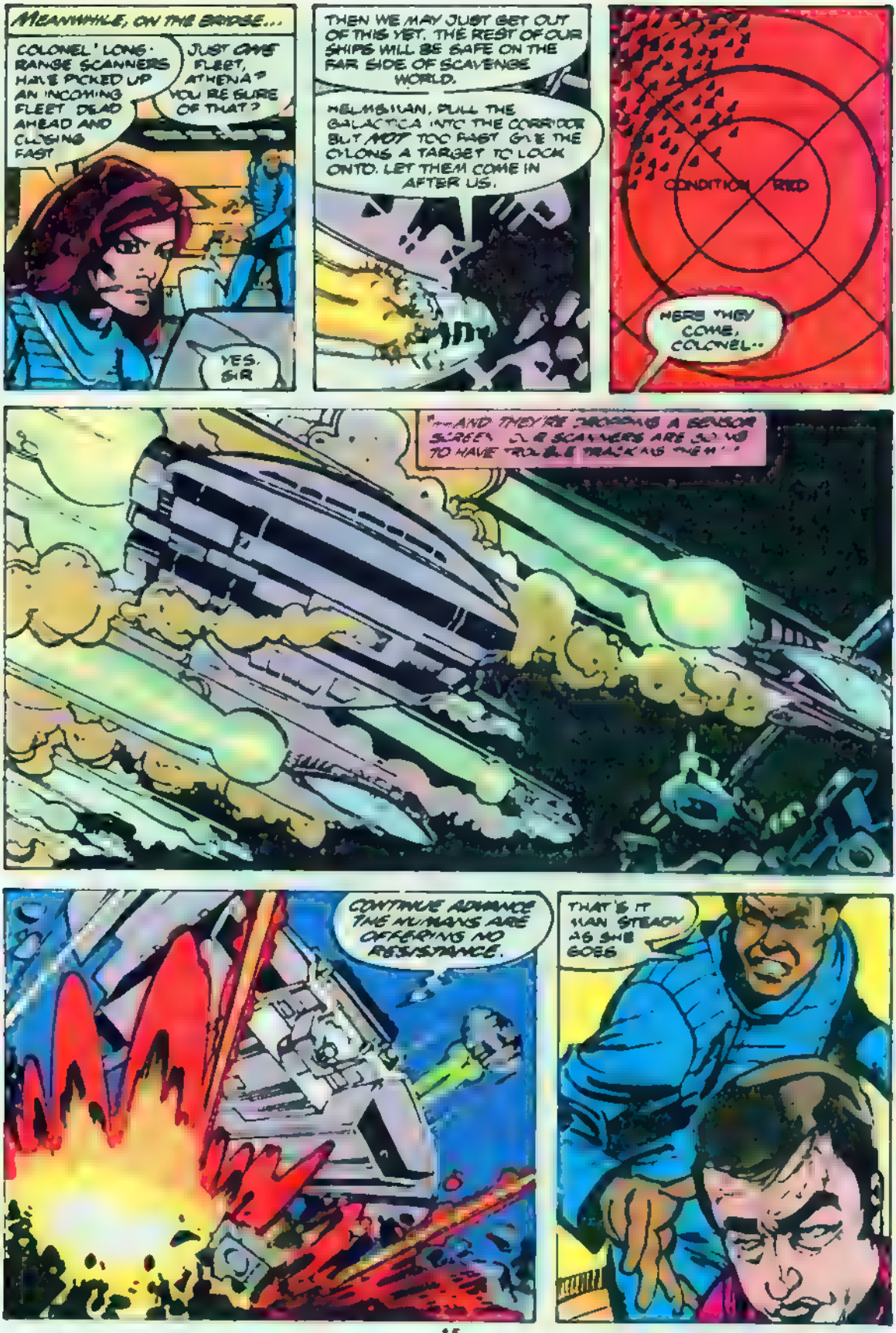
FATHER KNEW THE RISKS INVOLVED, WHEN HE STEPPED INTO THAT MACHINE, STARBUCK. BUT HE DID IT FOR US, FOR THE FLEET.
IF THERE'S A CHANCE, ANY CHANCE AT ALL, TO SAVE HIM WE OWE IT TO HIM TO TAKE IT.
CAPTAIN, IF YOUR FATHER CAN BE REACHED, MY MIND-PROBE WILL REACH HIM.


EURAYLE FROWNS IN CONCENTRATION. HER EYES ROLL BACK IN HER HEAD AND SHE SENDS HER THOUGHTS OUT, REACHING FOR A MAN LONG SUBMERGED IN HIS OWN MEMORIES.
AT FIRST THERE IS NOTHING BUT DARKNESS. THEN THE IMAGES COME...


--SO PEACEFUL HERE ON CAPRICA, ADAMA, DARLING. I COULD STAY HERE WITH YOU FOREVER.
SO COULD I, ILYA. FOREVER AND EVER. IT'S LIKE A DREAM COME TRUE.

DARLING, DID YOU HEAR THAT?


CYLON RAIDERS! NO! THEY CAN'T BE HERE! NOT NOW! NOT HERE!
ILYA!
ENTER A MEMORY WHICH TWISTS ADAMA'S DREAM INTO A DARK AND SAVAGE NIGHTMARE!



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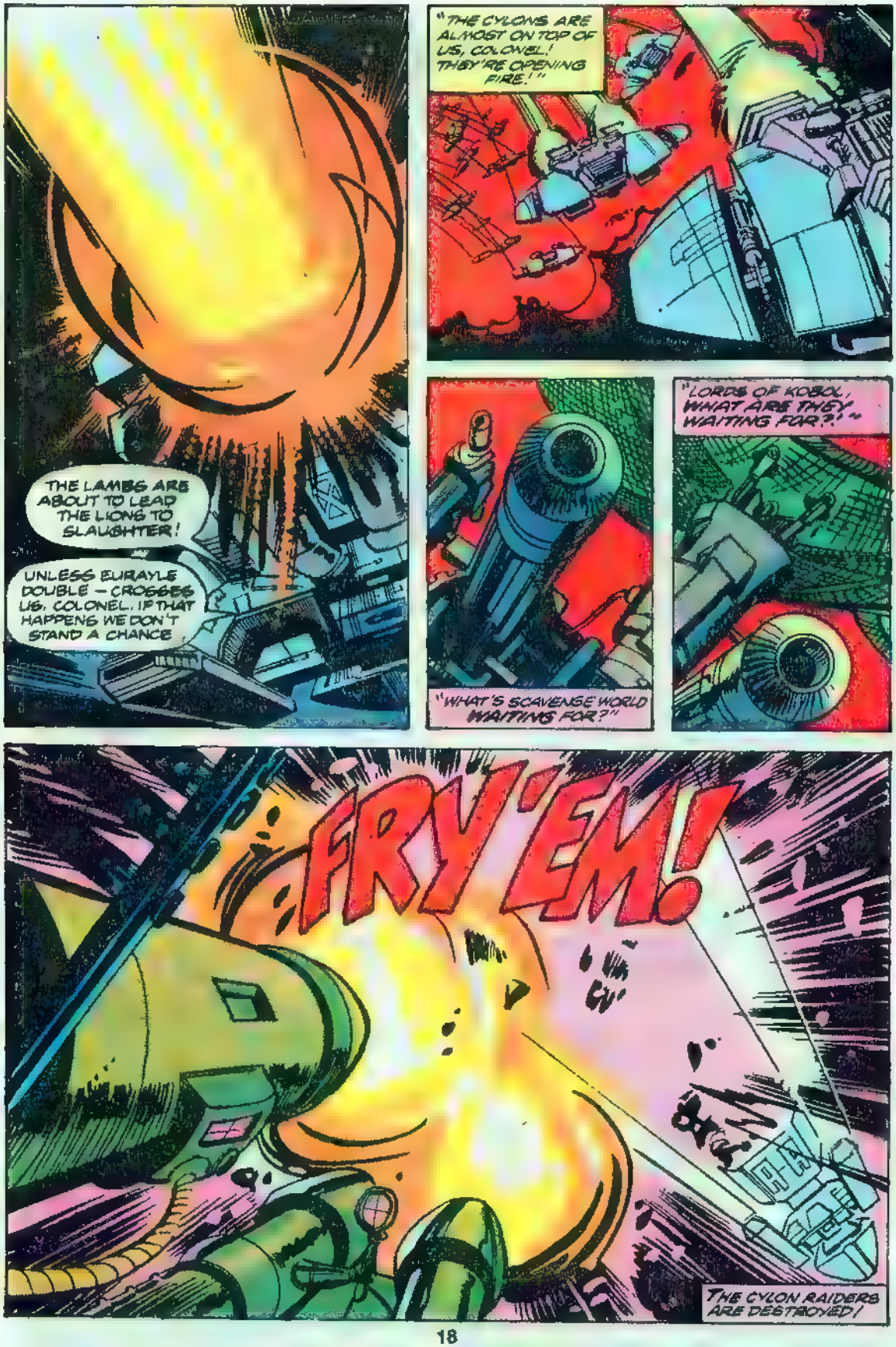
"THE CYLONS ARE ALMOST ON TOP OF US, COLONEL! THEY'RE OPENING FIRE!"
THE LAMBS ARE ABOUT TO LEAD THE LIONS TO SLAUGHTER!
UNLESS BURAYLE DOUBLE-CROSSES US, COLONEL. IF THAT HAPPENS WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE
"WHAT'S SCAVENGE WORLD WAITING FOR?"
"LORDS OF KOBOL, WHAT ARE THEY WAITING FOR?!"
FRY 'EM!
THE CYLON RAIDERS ARE DESTROYED!

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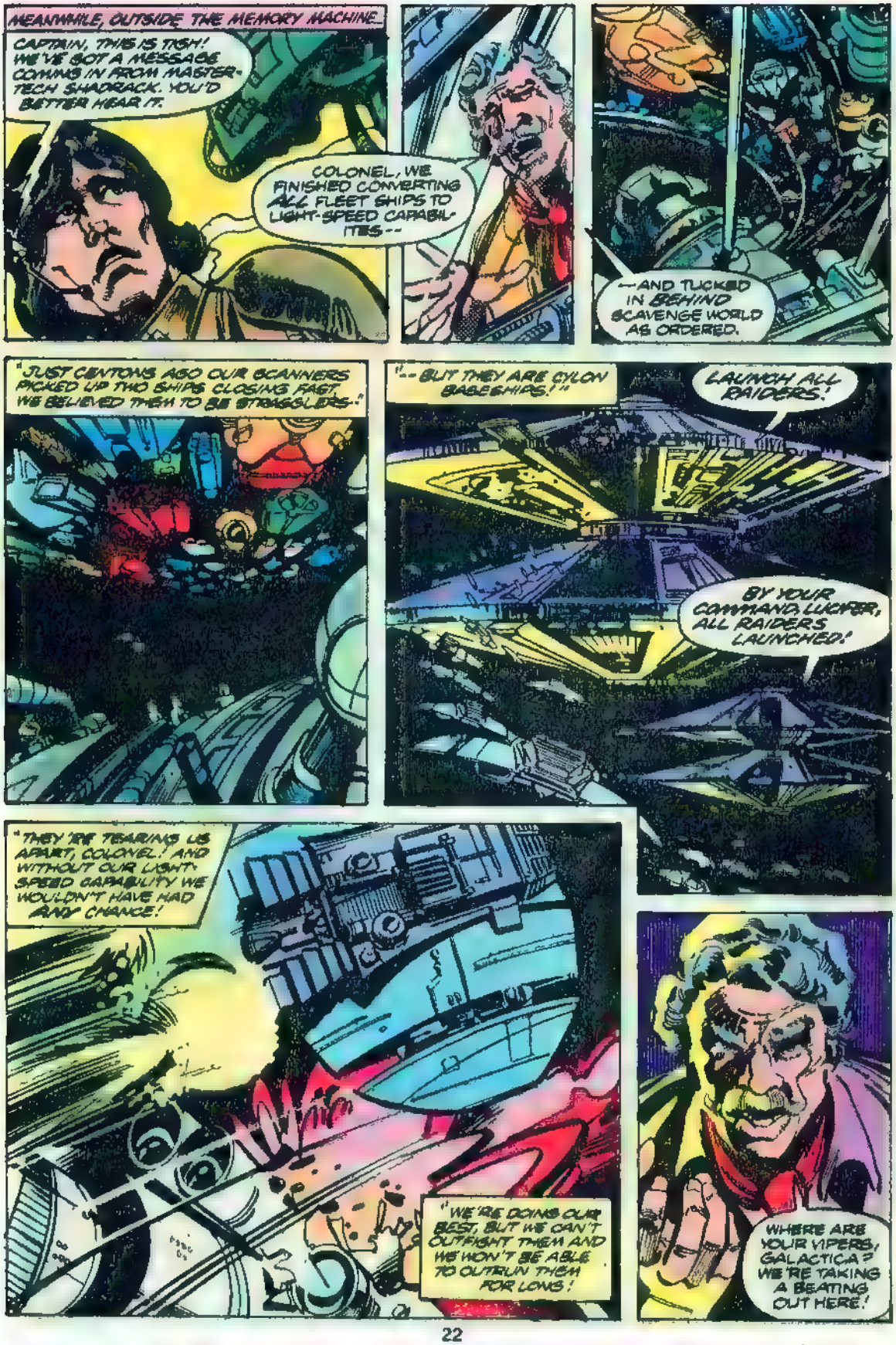
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE MEMORY MACHINE...
CAPTAIN, THIS IS TIGH! WE'VE GOT A MESSAGE COMING IN FROM MASTER-TECH SHADRACK. YOU'D BETTER HEAR IT.
COLONEL, WE FINISHED CONVERTING ALL FLEET SHIPS TO LIGHT-SPEED CAPABILITIES--
--AND TUCKED IN BEHIND SCAVENGE WORLD AS ORDERED.
"JUST CENTONS AGO OUR SCANNERS PICKED UP TWO SHIPS CLOSING FAST. WE BELIEVED THEM TO BE STRAGGLERS."
"--BUT THEY ARE CYLON BASESHIPS!"
LAUNCH ALL RAIDERS!
BY YOUR COMMAND, LUCIFER, ALL RAIDERS LAUNCHED!
"THEY'RE TEARING US APART, COLONEL! AND WITHOUT OUR LIGHT-SPEED CAPABILITY WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD ANY CHANCE!
"WE'RE DOING OUR BEST, BUT WE CAN'T OUTFIGHT THEM AND WE WON'T BE ABLE TO OUTRUN THEM FOR LONG!
WHERE ARE YOUR VIPERS, GALACTICA? WE'RE TAKING A BEATING OUT HERE!

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BA-WHOOOM
APOLLO...
...I HAVE SEEN VISIONS...

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THEN WE HAVE THEM! CONTACT OUR THIRD BASESHIP! TELL THEM TO EXECUTE PLAN BETA WITHOUT DELAY!
FATHER, WE'RE PICKING UP SOMETHING ON OUR SCANNERS, JUST NOW MOVING OUT OF THE CYLON SENSOR SCREEN! WARBOOK CLASSIFIES IT AS... BY THE LORDS OF KOBOL ...AS A CYLON BASESHIP!
A THIRD BASESHIP?
HELMSMAN, HARD ABOUT! FULL EVASIVE TACTICS!
WE UNDERESTIMATED THEIR STRENGTH BADLY, APOLLO! THE CYLONS HELD ONE BASESHIP IN RESERVE!
NOW IT'S ON A COLLISION COURSE WITH THE GALACTICA!
IT'S GOING TO RAM US AND THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO TO STOP IT!
NEXT: COLLISION COURSE!